

THE RETURN OF THE TRAVELER TO HIS ROOM AND WONDERING
WHAT IN THE WORLD HE COULD PUT ALL THAT HE LEARNED
FROM THE WORLD IN TO KEEP IT FRESH

Robbie whatever had maps
pasted all over the walls
of his room and knew all
their magic and blue lines
walked across his room and
told me everything about
all them. saw him often
walking to school and
coughing into a handkerchief
or on his way to the restroom.

OH CUM TO MIE CARNIVAL

here we can skip stones across
the water and pretend we are
clowns who can laugh rivers
 (and here the young rivers
 cut through solid stone
 and lose themselves in
 ravines so deep your voice
 does not reach bottom)
and the laughter rises up
as surf on the North Coast rises
and pushes its way between rocks
making hollows and doors for clowns
or sea gates which at low tide
carry small troops of red crabs
waving at the sea at the cotton
candy foam at the laughing
 always the laughing.

I smile across the bay to you
in your standing alone
probably in the morning
probably near this carnival
probably in all the laughing
probably standing in the young rivers
probably cutting through cotton candy
mountains of your own.

catch my stones skipping across the water.
catch my smiles and count the times
they make the carnival swell into
droplets before they sink
 the wobbly way down.